

Troilus and Cressida.

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vniuersitie;
This is not fine: O madnesse of discourse!
That cause less vp; with, and against thy selfe
By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
Without reuolt. This is; and is not *Cressida*.
Within my soule, there doth conduce a light
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious breadth of this diuision,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:

Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressida is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Instance, O instance! strong as heauen it selfe:
The bonds of heauen are slip, dissolud, and loos'd,
And with another knot fine finger tied,
The factions of her faith, ors of her loue:
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Other ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Ulis. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greek: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*.

That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzle with more clamour *Neptunes* care
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.
Troy. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida*! false, false, false:
Let all vnruths stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

Ulis. O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Aeneas.
Aeneas. I haue bene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Heclor by this is arming him in Troy.
Ajax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand fast and weare a Caske on thy head.

Uli. He bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept distracted thankses.

Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Uli.
Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I
would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of
his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning
diuell take them.

Enter Heclor and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,
To stop his eares against admonishment?
Vname, vname, and doe not fight to day.

Heclor. You traite me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euermourning gods, hee goe.

And. My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.
Heclor. No more I say.

Cassa. Where is my brother *Heclor*?
And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Confort with me in loud and deere petition:
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing bene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.

Cass. O, 'tis true.
Heclor. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

Cass. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.
Heclor. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes:
They are polluted offerings, more abhord
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe:
But vowe to every purpose must not hold:
Vname sweete *Heclor*.

Heclor. Hold you still I say:
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troilus.
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?
And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.

Exit Cassandra.
Heclor. No faith yong *Troilus*; doste thy harnesse youth:
I am to day with vaine of Chivalries:

Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And tempt not yet the brush of the warre.
Vname thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
He stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Heclor. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them rise, and liue.

Heclor. O 'tis faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Heclor*.

Heclor. How now? how now?
Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Heclor. Fie sauage, fie.
Troy. *Heclor*, then 'tis warres.

Heclor. *Troilus*, I would not haue you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire;

Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.
Cass. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Troilus and Cressida.

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Heclor*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly emapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Heclor. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,
Heclor. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue
To take that course by your content and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.

Cass. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deere father.

Heclor. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.
Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell, deere *Heclor*:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrits her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Heclor*, *Heclors* dead: O *Heclor*!

Troy. Away, away.
Cass. Farewell: yes, soft: *Heclor* I take my leaue;
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.

Exit.
Heclor. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeke forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about
thee.

Alarum.
Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, belecue
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.
Pandar. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?
Troy. What now?

Pandar. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me reade.

Pandar. A whorson tiske, a whorson rascally tiske,
So troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
o'th' dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and
such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from
the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pandar. Why, but heare you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.

Alarum. *Exeunt*.

Enter Therites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, hee
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomed*,
has got that same scurvie, dotting, foolish yong
knaues *Sleeue* of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine
see them meet; that, that lame yong Troian asse, that loues
the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-mai-
sterly villaine, with the *Sleeue*, backe to the dissembling
luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th' tother side,
the pollicie of thole craftie (swearing rascals; that stole
old *Moufe*, eaten dry cheefe, *Nestor*: and that same dog-
foxe *Uli* is not prau'd worth a Black-berry. They set
me vp in pollicy, that mungrell curie *Ajax*, against that
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curie
Ajax prouder then the curie *Achilles*, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaim
barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.
Soft, here comes *Sleeue*, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer *Stix*,
I would swim after.

Diomed. Thou dost miscall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantageous care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the *Sleeue*, now the *Sleeue*.

Enter Heclor.
Heclor. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Heclors* match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knaue:
a very filthy roague.

Heclor. I doe beleue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a
plague breake thy necke---for frightening me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-
cle---yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe: hee seeke them.

Exit.
Enter Diomed and Seruants.
Dio. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troilus* Horse:
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressida*.
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chafit'd the amorous Troian.
And am her Knight by prooffe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon*.
Agamemnon. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*.
Hath beate downe *Menon*: battard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands *Calofus*-wise wauing his beame,
Vpon the pasted courses of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixenes* is slaine;
Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull *Sagittary*
Appalls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.
Nestor. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snaille-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;
There is a thousand *Heclors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathea* his Horse,
And there lacks worke: and the's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

Before